

THE NAVAL SAFETY CENTER'S AVIATION MAGAZINE

approach

December 2000

Terror in the Mountains

Uh-Oh on Iwo

My First HAC Flight



approach

The Naval Safety Center's Aviation Magazine
December 2000 Volume 45 No. 12

On the Cover: An AV-8B Harrier from Marine Medium Helicopter Squadron 264 makes a final approach to the flight deck of amphibious assault craft USS *Saipan* (LHA 2) for a vertical landing. Photo by Sgt. Brook R. Kelsey, USMC.

RAdm. Skip Dirren, Jr. **Commander, Naval Safety Center**
Bill Mooberry **Deputy Commander**
Derek Nelson **Head, Media Department**

Approach Staff (757) 444-3520 (DSN 564)

Derek Nelson **Editor**

dnelson@safetycenter.navy.mil Ext. 7243

John W. Williams **Illustration, Design & Layout**

jwilliams@safetycenter.navy.mil Ext. 7250

Ginger Rives **Distribution (Magazines and Posters)**

vrives@safetycenter.navy.mil Ext. 7256

Letters and Commander, Naval Safety Center

Articles Attn: Approach, Code 712

375 A St., Norfolk, VA 23511-4399

Publications FAX (757) 444-6791

Col. Dave Kerrick, USMC **Aviation Safety Programs**

dkerrick@safetycenter.navy.mil Ext. 7225

Cdr. John Anderson **Aircraft Operations Division**

janderson@safetycenter.navy.mil Ext. 7203

Cdr. Mike Francis **Aircraft Mishap Investigation Division**

mfrancis@safetycenter.navy.mil Ext. 7236

Capt. James Fraser **Aeromedical Division**

jfraser@safetycenter.navy.mil Ext. 7228

Homepage address www.safetycenter.navy.mil

Postmaster: Send address changes to *Approach*, Code 74,
Naval Safety Center, 375 A Street,
Norfolk, VA 23511-4399

Approach (ISSN 1094-0405) is published monthly by the Commander, Naval Safety Center, 375 A Street, Norfolk, VA 23511-4399. *Approach* contents should not be considered directive and may not be construed as incriminating under Article 31 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice. Views expressed in guest-written articles are not necessarily those of the Naval Safety Center. *Approach* is available for sale by the Superintendent of Documents, P.O. Box 371954, Pittsburgh, PA 15250-7954. Subscription price: \$36 per year. Telephone credit card orders can be made 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. Eastern time at (202) 512-1800. Periodicals postage paid at Norfolk, VA and additional mailing offices.



pg. 12

Uh-Oh on Iwo

Lt. Bill Doster

Prowler pilots press as they take off from Atsugi, heading toward Iwo Jima. Fog wins the race.

Features

2 Fly-In Follies

Cdr. Rick Pawlowski

Four E-2s on a fly-in at Pt. Mugu run into severe turbulence, but nobody calls "uncle."

6 Who's on Final?

Lt. Charles Smith

When a quartet of T-45s get max-confused and loses their interval while landing at night, tower gets overloaded.

8 How To Create Your Own Fireball

Lt. Jim Stanley

At 600 feet and one mile behind the ship, no less.

10 Right Main, Where Are You?

Capt. Ben Wild, USMC

A Hornet pilot has to land with the right main gear up.




pg. 19

Ballistic, in a Cloud

LCdr. Tony Ludovici

Lightning smacks a Tomcat, which departs.



pg. 24

Flame-Out Over Sagami-Wan

LCdr. Gary Brose

Thanks to some poorly planned troubleshooting, an SH-60B crew on a check flight gets to check what a flameout feels like.

16 Been Violated Recently?

Dan Bartlett

It sure is inspiring when those Tomcats scream by at treetop level—unfortunately, the crowd isn't in charge of doling out waivers.

22 I My First HAC Flight

Lt. Sandy Aguirre

How to hover with the MAD boom deployed when it shouldn't be.

Departments


14 ORM Corner: More Than Just Crew Rest

Capt. David Levenson, USAF

Tanking isn't complete just because your tank is full.

20 Bravo Zulu Mishap-Free Milestones

BC Classic Brownshoes in Action



pg. 4

Terror in the Mountains

Ltjg. Rob Smith

An H-46 aircrew flying over mountains in the United Arab Emirates finds out what it feels like inside a blender set on "liquefy."



by Cdr. Rick Pawlowski

I've never believed that we stop making mistakes when we get older, or that we ever get too old to learn from the mistakes we do make. I tend to make smaller mistakes these days, but I still make my share. Let me tell you about one I recently made as senior pilot in our command.

We had just finished a highly successful combat cruise to the Gulf, and the final task at hand was to bring all of the aircraft and aircrew home safely during the fly-in. Like everything else I do, I take my senior-pilot responsibilities very seriously. I scrutinized the plan beyond reason. I took every precaution, and we worked out even the smallest details with each of the pilots before the event. The plan was to take all four Hummers overhead the field for a diamond fly-by, then depart and re-enter as a division in starboard echelon for the break.

As with most careful plans, this one started off with deviations from the standard fly-by. To begin with, we were actually doing two separate fly-ins, at two different airfields, neither of which was our home field. Add the fact that we would be doing one of them on Friday at North Island and the other on Monday at Point Mugu. As a result of BRAC, all the West Coast Hawkeye squadrons had been relocated to NAS Pt. Mugu. We were the last Hummer squadron to move up from Miramar, and, as a result, most of the squadron's families were still located in the San Diego area. The North Island fly-in was added to resolve conflict and try to make everyone happy in both locations.

It should have been a no-brainer, doing both events over the span of a weekend homecoming. But just in case, I briefed all contingencies. I made sure each pilot thoroughly understood what was expected and knew when to call "uncle." After we briefed both events, I reminded each pilot that the very last thing any of us wanted was to have airplanes bump together overhead the field in front of

spouses and children. If looking good and getting there on time ever caused a problem, we would make the tough call and err on the safe side. We all nodded our heads.

The weather overhead North Island was perfect for the first fly-in, and the event went flawlessly. We spent the weekend feeling good about our accomplishment, enjoying San Diego and our families. We spent little time worrying about the next fly-in; after all, we were just going to do the same exact thing up at Point Mugu. Monday morning came around and we once again gathered for the same brief. We again went over the event and all the possible problems in excruciating detail. Again, I left them with the






Photo composite by John W. Williams

*The lead did his best
to keep the flight out
of the clouds. Turbulence
violently rattled
the formation.*

very same speech, and, again, I got the collective head nods from all the aircrew.

This time the result wasn't so pretty. We took to the air, flying our trusty Hummers, looking as good as any eight Cuisinarts in close formation could look. We made it up to Point Mugu without too much trouble; the weather had pressed us to a much lower altitude than we had briefed. Turbulence at low altitude made it hard to keep the formation tight, but no one said they were having any problems keeping it tight or sticking to the plan. When we arrived at Point Mugu, things started to come apart. The controllers gave us their own version of a low-altitude "Hummer Dance" by spinning the entire formation through a hairpin turn only four miles from the field. The weather and turbulence made it very hard for the slot Hawkeye to keep position, and we struggled in for the (somewhat) diamond fly-by. As planned, we moved the formation to starboard echelon and tried to re-enter for the break. Once again, we were directed by tower to keep it inside three miles of the field. The lead did his best to keep the flight out of the clouds. Turbulence violently rattled the formation. We struggled in for the break, and each of us breathed deep sighs of relief when we finally touched down and brought our individual aircraft to a stop.

While most of the spectators failed to see much more than a loose formation fly-by, the pilots knew how perilously close they had come to making this a really memorable event for everyone. The plan had been successfully executed; however, it had not been done safely or in accordance with the brief. I was the senior pilot and had taken great pains to make everyone feel that this event would be done safely, and that we would not be taking any unnecessary risks. I failed my flight by not speaking out when I knew things were deteriorating. I failed to put myself in the shoes of the pilots flying the more difficult positions, and I continued to press with the plan. We had done this maneuver only two days earlier, and had done it spectacularly. This time, the conditions were such that we needed to call "uncle," but none of us did.

We have all talked this event through many times since that day, and we all agreed that, despite the poor headwork, we had managed to escape real trouble only because we were at the peak of our flying game. I am now much more confident that our pilots will call "uncle" when conditions drive them into a questionable situation. I still learn from the mistakes I make. Of course, the smartest pilots are the ones who learn from the mistakes others make.

Cdr. Pawlowski is XO of VAW-117.



TERROR IN THE MOUNTAINS

by Ltjg. Rob Smith

I was on my first WestPac as a helicopter second pilot (H2P) in an H-46 detachment. We had just arrived in the Arabian Gulf, and I was part of a one-helicopter-and-crew mini-detachment to Fujairah in the United Arab Emirates. The short, good-deal trip had been extended to eight days when our diligent crew chief discovered a fuel leak from the No. 1 engine, which meant changing a fuel-control unit just before we departed on the afternoon of the third day. The HAC finally solved the logistics puzzle to return the helicopter to an up status, and we were ready to depart on our journey back to our ship, an AOE.

We arrived at the airport before sunrise, preflighted and loaded the helicopter. I journeyed over to the base-operations trailer to file an ICAO flight plan and check the weather for our destination and route of flight. The sky was mostly clear, except for a line of clouds just over the ridge of the mountains bordering the town to the north. The base-ops folks filed the flight plan and told me the weather was clear for the entire route. The winds at the airport were blowing offshore at 12 knots. I returned to the aircraft and relayed this information during our mission brief.


We started the helicopter, embarked our two main enance-team members and headed for the mountains. The Navy course rules from Fujairah to Jebel Ali, our destination, followed a highway through the mountains at 1,500 feet. I was at the controls when we picked up the highway and

began to enter a wide valley with 2,500- to 3,500-foot peaks on either side of us. We hadn't encountered any gusts up to this point in the flight and had heard no warnings about turbulence during the airport weather brief. Nevertheless, in the middle of that valley at 1,500 feet, we ran into severe turbulence.

The helicopter violently pitched up, and my stomach rose to my throat as we lost 300 to 500 feet in seconds. The aircrewmembers later told me that they saw the fully loaded cruise boxes in the cabin lift from the deck. Moments later, we were caught in an updraft, rocketing 300 to 500 feet in the other direction. The entire episode lasted 10 to 15 seconds, during which time my control inputs had very little effect, even with full throws of the cyclic forward and aft to counter the extreme pitch variations.

The wind finally released the helicopter, and the controls gradually regained responsiveness. I scanned the sky above for traffic and immediately initiated a climb out of the valley. I contacted ATC to let them know we were climbing to avoid any more turbulence. The controller cleared us to 4,500 feet MSL for the mountain transit. We descended once we were clear of the mountains on the other side.


The remainder of the flight was very quiet as we reflected on what had happened. I hadn't experienced uncontrolled flight until this incident, and I don't want to be at the mercy of the wind



K11 Robert Benson
CDR John Leenhouts
Photo composite by John W. Williams

again. The H-46 NATOPS states that the often-used procedure of flying through the middle of a pass (which is what I was doing) to avoid mountains "invites disaster." It specifies, "The procedure for transiting a mountain pass shall be to fly close aboard that side of the pass or canyon which affords an upslope wind. This procedure not only provides additional lift but also provides a readily available means of exit in case of emergency."

Although the course rules through mountainous terrain may specify a lower altitude, you can request clearance for higher altitudes from ATC to avoid turbulence. On subsequent flights, I chose this option and not only avoided the bumpy air but enjoyed the cooler air temperatures at the higher altitude.

Fly through mountains with great care. Turbulence may not be in the forecast and can occur unexpectedly. If you can avoid flying through the mountain valleys, by all means take that option and avoid the windy slopes. 

Lt. Smith flies with HC-11

**The helicopter
violently pitched up,
and my stomach rose
to my throat as we lost
300 to 500
feet in seconds.**



by Lt. Charles Smith

Photo illustration by John W. Williams

During my initial Field Carrier Landing Practice (FCLP) and Carrier Qualification (CQ) in the training command in Kingsville, Texas, I'm sure my class had as many comical stories to tell as any other. Each of us made the usual mistakes, and those of us who were unfortunate enough to get caught by our trusty LSOs were appropriately fined for our flubs—a good-spirited, but firm reminder to stay focused on our training and pay close attention to detail.

We were finishing up our FCLPs at NAF Orange Grove in the T-45. We had been bouncing for weeks, and this night period was not much different than any other. The weather was perfect, and the visibility great. As always, we had a thorough LSO and NATOPS brief. We were improving in leaps and bounds in our landing practice, and our confidence was increasing with every pass.

Everything was fine until we departed Orange Grove. Normally, the prevailing winds are out of the southeast, and we would depart Orange Grove for NAS Kingsville on a direct course that would set us up for a straight-in to the parallel runway 13L-13R. This night the wind was out of the northwest, so NAS Kingsville was using Runway 31. A slight difference, hardly worth pointing out in detail during the NATOPS brief. Kingsville Tower was busy controlling normal training flights and landing practice on 31L. So the LSOs told us to make a visual straight-in approach to a full stop on 31R.

We took off as four VFR singles, each following the bird in front back to home field. I was third in line. Lead flew directly toward Kingsville, and the rest of us kept our noses on the strobe ahead, blindly following him home like we had done every day since we started FCLPs. When lead realized that he was going to have to drastically change course to set himself up for the initial for runway 31, he arced around Kingsville to the initial. As lead flew an indirect route to the initial, Dash 2 continued to fly the most direct route toward lead, quickly reducing their interval.

Lead got clearance to land and made an uneventful, straight-in approach to a full stop, with Dash 2 close on his heels. That's when the fun began. Communications with tower quickly got complex. Every aviator knows how busy the radios can get with parallel runways, a full pattern on the

left, and four solo students making approaches to the right. As lead rolled down the runway, Dash 2 realized that he had eaten up too much of the space between them, and decided to make a 360 to the right for spacing. He wasn't able to get a word in over tower frequency because of the busy traffic on the left, so he told us his intentions on our tactical frequency.

As Dash 3, I saw that if he were to complete that maneuver, and if I didn't change course or speed, we would have wound up in very nearly the same piece of airspace on final. I came back to him on tactical and asked him to extend downwind, because I was set up perfectly on final. He did, and everything looked fine from my perspective. I asked tower for clearance to land. Tower had received our side-numbers in order from approach, and hadn't seen or heard anything from Dash 2, so they were expecting him before me. Here's the play-by-play:

Dash 3: "Tower, Two-Oh-Three, on final for 31R, full stop."

Tower: "Two-Oh-Two, check wheels down, clear to land 31R."

Dash 3: "Tower, Two-Oh-Three, three down and locked, understand cleared to land on the right."

Tower (in a slightly higher pitch): "Two-Oh-Two, cleared to land on the right!"

At this point I found myself over the approach lights, at less than 500 feet, slightly faster than on-speed, preparing to wave off if I didn't get clearance to land. I was a little peeved that the guy in the tower felt like he had to tell me I was 202, not 203.

Dash 3: "Tower, Two-Oh-Two has turned downwind, this is Two-Oh-Three, over the rabbit lights, do I have clearance to land?"

After a brief stutter from tower, we heard Dash 4: "This is Two-Oh-Four, I'm landing."

Then, still at an uncomfortably low altitude, left hand on the power lever, a fraction of a second away from adding power and climbing, wondering where 204 was, all of a sudden I saw 204 no more than 10 to 12 feet over my head! His right mainmount was at my 3 o'clock, and his left mainmount was at my 9, and I was blinded by the bright reflection of my strobe off his fuselage. Then I knew why the tower voice was changing.

continued on page 18

During a day Case-I recovery, I was a single F-14A Tomcat in a low holding pattern overhead mother. The cycle had been short, so I had a lot of fuel to dump in order to make my max trap weight. This was the first sea period during our work-up cycle, so our mindset was for maximum conservation of fuel. When it came time to push out and proceed to the break, the dump switch came on, and I took advantage of the full five-mile circle to give me time to dump all the fuel I had been hoarding. Rolling out at a three-mile initial, I still had about a thousand pounds that I needed to get rid of, but I didn't want to dump on mother, so I secured the dump switch and told my RIO we would get rid of a little more on the downwind.

I found my interval on downwind and broke after giving him plenty of separation. I chopped the throttles to idle and thumbed out the speed brakes. I brought the wings back out, slowing through 300 knots, put the gear down as I rolled out on downwind, thumbed the boards back in and turned the dump switch back on as I said, "Dump's on" to my RIO. I lowered the flaps at 200 knots and began to concentrate on my pattern.

"Six hundred feet, one point two miles abeam," I thought as I brought the throttles up to capture 15 units AOA for an on-speed airspeed of 140 knots at a max trap of 54,000 pounds. As I looked outside to judge my abeam distance and glanced down at the TACAN-DME for a crosscheck, I noticed the master-caution light blinking. I glanced down at the caution-advisory light panel and saw myriad lights. At the same time, the flight controls started to get sluggish, and I glanced at the airspeed indicator, which was slowing quickly through 130 knots.

I advanced the throttles to military power but knew immediately that the engine response was not going to be enough to accelerate back to flying speed. I realized that

I glanced down at the caution-advisory light panel and saw myriad lights.

How To

by Lt. Jim Stanley

Create Your Own



Fireball

an engine had failed, but I wasn't sure which one, so I did the boldface for single-engine failure on takeoff. As I lowered the nose to capture 14 units on my AOA, I selected full afterburner on both engines and raised the gear handle. I'm not sure why, but at that moment, I glanced in the left rear-view mirror and, to my complete disbelief, saw a huge fireball erupt around the left engine and vertical tail!

I thought we had just had a catastrophic engine failure, but the aircraft was still flying. I deselected afterburner and

assumed an ejection position, while I traded altitude for airspeed. If I couldn't fly away from the water, I would rely on my RIO to eject us both on my call. The fireball disappeared, and I concentrated on flying away from the water. Descending through 300 feet on the altimeter, I finally gained enough airspeed to begin climbing back up to pattern altitude. By now, everyone in low holding had seen the fireball and knew that we were in trouble. A voice came over the radio saying that we were leaking something and to check that our dump switch was off. I quickly

secured the dump switch as I scanned the caution-advisory panel to determine the problem. In the Tomcat, no single light or voice says, "Engine failure," only the engine instruments and numerous caution lights that indicate loss of a generator, an engine stall, or a loss of hydraulic pressure. I quickly determined that the right engine had failed, but I was still worried about the left engine, where I had seen the fireball.

Even though the right-engine instruments showed the engine was off, I checked and double-checked the throttle response of both engines until I was satisfied that the right engine was indeed no longer operating. I secured the right throttle as my RIO broke out the pocket checklist. We didn't trust the left engine and wanted to get the jet on deck as soon as possible. Since we were still on downwind, all we had to do was make an easy left turn to final to set up for a straight-in approach. We contacted tower and told them of our intentions. The boss, having seen the fireball, cleared us to land immediately. As I set up for the straight-in, my RIO and I quickly went through the single-engine-landing checklist.

While we were talking to tower and paddles, to inform them of our landing weight, I missed the pushover point and immediately got high on glide-slope. Not wanting to develop an unrecoverable rate of descent, I never made it back down to the glide-slope and flew a high pass all the way to a bolter. I selected zone-3 afterburner for the climb. After a little lateral P.I.O., some left rudder, and a helpful, "Raise your gear call," from paddles, I was climbing again to pattern altitude. At this point, I took a deep breath and took stock.

The right engine had failed in the break turn. The left engine was working fine, despite the fireball I had seen. The jet was flying on one engine, with no abnormal engine indications. I realized the fireball was my own doing: I had activated the dump switch on downwind, and when the right engine failed, I selected afterburner to accelerate and arrest my rate of descent. The afterburner flames had ignited the fuel being dumped. The same thing has scared many a Tomcat aircrew who have launched at night with the dump switch on. My RIO never had the opportunity to yell, "Dump off," because everything happened so quickly. Satisfied my aircraft wasn't about to fall apart, I flew a rails single-engine pass to an underline OK4-wire.

Looking back, I still feel uneasy about how close I'd come to ejecting after the engine failure, and how I flew the first pass to a single-engine bolter. I should have climbed higher and tried to restart the right engine. Had I done so, I would have found nothing wrong with the engine (as determined later by maintenance and a confidence flight) and been able to fly a normal, straight-in approach. Had I managed my fuel better, there would have been no need to dump on downwind, and I would have never seen that fireball that caused us to force the single-engine landing situation. As it is, I became one of the few to not only land single-engine, but to fly away single-engine, too, a valuable experience that is just not the same in a simulator.


As first tour JOs, my RIO and I had discussed our carrier procedures several times over beer and pizza before we went on our first at-sea period as a crew. We discussed other mishaps and how we would handle similar situations—especially a recent, single-engine failure on takeoff that led to the loss of an aircraft. We decided that any engine failure in the low-altitude regime would be treated as a single-engine takeoff and that we would do the boldface accordingly. Also, I wouldn't shutdown either engine until we were both sure which engine had failed. When we were faced with our single-engine situation, we worked together and despite an erroneous assumption of an impending dual-engine failure (due to the fireball), we landed the jet. Our "what-ifs" and NATOPS discussions prepared us for our emergency and helped keep a single-engine landing situation from becoming a mishap investigation.

The Navy buys dual-engine aircraft to enable aircrew to land their airplane if one engine fails. But that provision isn't foolproof. If an aircrew makes errors in evaluating an engine failure, they can lose a perfectly flyable aircraft.

Lt. Stanley flies with VF-14.

Timothy Ward
Photo modification by John W. Williams

Right Main,



I visualized ejecting from
a cartwheeling jet and
decided it would be best
for me to make a good landing.

Where Are You?

by Capt. Ben Wild, USMC

Unlike most of the events recounted in this magazine, mine happened during daytime, not at the boat, and VMC. In fact, the nearest cloud was somewhere down by Ensenada, Mexico. If I was ever going to have an emergency, this was the perfect day for it. The only thing out

of the ordinary was that the right runway was out of service, and the normal off-duty was the emergency runway.

I was returning to base after a 1 v 1 with our new pilot-training officer. We were overhead the field with 2,700 pounds of fuel (per our single

runway bingo). At the 135, I declared, "Gear in transit, full stop." I received clearance to land on 24 left, but at the 90, I noticed the first step of the landing checklist wasn't complete. There were down-and-locked indications for the nosewheel and left main, but no indications for the right main, and an annoying gear-warning tone in my headset.

I keyed the mike and asked my wingman to check out my gear. I requested the delta pattern for a gear problem, and transitioned to a 2,600-foot pattern to work the issue. My wingman joined up quickly and told me the right main was up, and the right gear doors were cracked open about an inch. We switched to base frequency and told the ODO about the problem. He read off the procedures, and I acknowledged completion. While I was trying to shake the gear down by using positive and negative G, tower called to say that I had to stay at delta-pattern altitude. At my wingman's suggestion, I told tower that I was going to declare an emergency instead.

I finished the NATOPS procedures. The right main was still not doing what I wanted it to do, fuel was running low (1,500 pounds), and I began to realize I was going to have to land with two-thirds of the desired gear package. I visualized ejecting from a cartwheeling jet and decided it would be best for me to make a good landing.

The ODO and I discussed the landing procedures, which included a cushioned landing flown to centerline and an arrestment. Well, I knew the cushioned landing would be no problem, since that's what I do every time I land at good old NKX. I still remembered where the hook handle was, even though I had not used it since the FRS. The squadron's lone LSO was in the pits and told me to follow those procedures.

I lowered the seat, removed my kneeboard, and told tower that I would like a low approach, followed by an arrested landing. Tower cleared me for the approach, and then asked if I could accept a go-around for landing traffic. I was down to 1,200 pounds of fuel, but being the nice guy that I am, I accepted. (God forbid I should be the one to force a divert to the paradise of El Centro.) After the go-around, I decided I better make this one a full stop if I wanted any gas at all for a hook skip and another try. My state was 850 pounds. At the 135, tower cleared me to land and asked me to call the gear. After a brief pause, I said, "Roger, two down and locked, full stop, arrested landing."

I deck-spotted like an LSO's worst nightmare and cushioned the landing for all I was worth. As the hook engaged the wire, I countered the right yaw with rudder and kept the right wing off the deck for as long as I could. Once the wingtip hit the deck, the nose quickly began to track right, and I applied left brakes to try to keep it straight. Next thing I knew, the jet was at rest, surrounded by the crash crew. "Base, I'm safe on deck," I said. I secured the engines and waited for the crash Marines to let me know it was safe to exit.

I exited on the right side, since it was much closer to the ground, and surveyed the damage. The missile launcher and the trailing edges of the flaps and aileron took most of the damage. There was a one-inch gouge on the right stab, but other than that, the aircraft was undamaged.

After discussing the incident with several of my squadronmates, I came up with some things I could have done better. I could have saved some distracting comm time by declaring an emergency immediately, after determining that the gear was not down and locked. I never should have accepted the go-around with a low-fuel state. The other sections should have planned for a divert if necessary, and I didn't need to compound the situation by running low on gas. Also, after landing, I noticed that one of my leg straps had slid down below my knee when I removed my kneeboard.

Two things really helped: adhering to a single runway bingo and getting help from my wingman and the ODO.



Capt. Wild flies with VMFA-232.

Uh-Oh on Iwo

by Lt. Bill Doster

Fresh from the Prowler FRS on my first FCLP det in CAG 5, I was primed to prove that I was ready for the fleet. For noise abatement, the air wing conducts FCLPs on the island of Iwo Jima, which is 700 miles southeast of NAF Atsugi. The distance, combined with the lighter fuel load that is required, make bouncing on Iwo Jima a blue-water-ops event. If the runway gets shut down for any reason and you can't land on the arresting-gear-equipped taxiway, your only option is a swim in shark-infested waters.

I'd flown two day periods and had just finished briefing for the last of my four night periods. I was paired up with an experienced ECMO in the right seat, who was two years into a second fleet tour after transitioning from the Intruder. The weather hadn't been cooperating. Fog banks would form up just off shore and slowly roll in to shut down the field with zero-zero visibility by 2230 or so. We briefed the likely possibility of not finishing because of weather, then we bounced this idea off Ops. Because it was our last night on Iwo, we were feeling some pressure to get the "X." Ops and CAG paddles both assured us that getting everyone completed wouldn't be a problem, even if it meant flying a few periods back in Atsugi. If the weather started to repeat what it had produced the previous two nights, we'd call it quits and park the jet.

You wouldn't be reading this article if that had happened. We dressed up, read the book and hopped on the bus for a ride across the field to the fuel pits. The night was crystal clear with no moon. It would be a great night to work on instrument flying in preparation for CQ.

As I stood next to the jet with the off-going pilot, he told me that the outside of the canopy kept frosting over on deck but cleared right up once airborne. I thanked him, climbed into the jet and

got set to go. The canopy was fogged over, so the taxi to the hold short was difficult. We called for takeoff. Our visibility out of the cockpit was zero to the sides and very limited forward, so as we sat in the hold short, we couldn't see that a fog bank had just started to form and roll in. The next two pilots calling "clara" at the ball call told us all we needed to know, though, and we discussed knocking it off for the night. It was up to me.

Paddles talked the second jet down to about a quarter-mile, and tower cleared us for takeoff. I decided to press. As I hustled into position, we were then told our takeoff clearance had been canceled and to expedite clearing the runway. I did as told and got spun around in the hold short, while ECCMO I got on the radio with tower to see what the problem was.

Paddles had been monitoring the weather from the LSO shack and didn't want to see us launch into deteriorating weather. He had told tower to cancel our takeoff clearance. We were more concerned about getting airborne before the weather became too bad to fly. My blinders were on, and I started pushing to get airborne. The next guy on approach broke out just before the ball call. Our calls to tower at last got answered with a clearance to takeoff, and we headed back out onto the runway.

The takeoff was uneventful. As the wheels went in the well, the canopy cleared, and I felt confident we would complete the period after all. We went into the overcast at about 400 feet but broke out as soon as we went feet wet. The island looked like a scene from King Kong, enshrouded

The island looked like a scene from King Kong, enshrouded in fog with the exception of the very top of Mount Suribachi.



PH2 Grasso
photo modification by John W. Williams

in fog with the exception of the very top of Mount Suribachi.

The first approach was our last chance to do the smart thing and get on deck. We could clearly see that the weather had taken over the island and showed no signs of improving. But we didn't even discuss making a full stop. We completed our first approach to a touch-and-go after breaking out at a half-mile.

Paddles made the right call, "Ninety-nine, full stop next pass," to the four planes in pattern. The two S-3s in front of us got on deck with some sugar calls from paddles. We were anxious to follow suit and end what was becoming a debacle. The weather was getting worse, although we didn't know that yet.

The field's only approved precision approach is a PAR, but for FCLPs, the air wing has a portable ILS system that provides "needles" to fly until the

ball call. It took two approaches, some heated words of guidance to approach, and the LSO's asking us to turn on the taxi light, before we finally got on deck. As we rolled out, I commented about the utter lack of fun the past 30 minutes had provided and wondered if it could get any worse. The last plane airborne, a C-2, declared an emergency for an engine fire, and I had my answer.

I wonder how anyone can ignore so many cues and continue to push a bad situation. There is no way I would have taken that jet airborne back in the states, with good weather information and plenty of divers. Somehow, though, during blue-water ops, with no weather forecast, the entire crew and I pressed on. The most important learning point for me is this: If the hair on the back of my neck is tingling, then it is time to stop, wind the clock and go back to the basics.

Lt. Doster flies with VAQ-136.



CORNER

Master Sgt. Joe Cupido
Greg L. Davis



More Than Just Crew Rest

by Capt. David Levenson, USAF

Every crew brief covers operational risk management (ORM), but the ORM part often lacks depth. Mission commanders and flight leads simply ask if everyone has had enough crew rest or sleep. ORM is much more than that.

On one particular flight, the entire crew had gotten plenty of sleep, but ORM still played a significant role in averting a mishap over the skies

ORM Corner is a bi-monthly department.

Please send your questions, comments or recommendations to Mr. John Mahoney, the ORM coordinator at the Naval Safety Center, or to Capt. Denis M. Faherty, Director, Operational Risk Management. Mr. Mahoney's address is: Code 08, Naval Safety Center, 375 A St., Norfolk, VA 23511-4398, or call (757) 444-3520, ext. 7310 (DSN 564). E-mail: jmahoney@safetycenter.navy.mil

Write Capt. Faherty at OPNAV Code N-09K, 2000 Navy Pentagon, Rm 5E-816, Washington, D.C. 20350-2000, or call (703) 614-8430 (DSN 224). E-mail: faherty.denis@hq.navy.mil

of Macedonia. I was ECMO 1 in an EA-6B during a night-strike mission over southern Kosovo. After the strike, we headed toward our tanker. The communications with AWACs were unusually weak and full of static. There was a layer of broken clouds just below the tanker altitude. Without air-to-air radar or night-vision devices, finding the tanker was becoming next to impossible. With our fuel getting close to bingo, we finally found the tanker and commenced the join-up on the left, which is the standard side for the Navy, but not standard for the Air Force.

We hadn't briefed which side of the tanker we would join on—mission planning overshadowed that type of detail. Once joined, we realized that two British Tornados were already on the tanker, one taking fuel and the other on the right side. After they finished, I saw Dash 2 disconnect and apparently clear off below us. As we slid back, anticipating getting in the basket, a bright flash filled our cockpit accompanied by severe buffet. The Tornados had tapped burner right in front of us, instead of exiting down and aft. They turned off their lights and went left into us. My pilot dumped the nose and successfully avoided them. We climbed back to the tanker, got our gas, covered another strike, and returned to Aviano.

Once on deck, I told the operations officer what had happened. Tanking briefs started getting a lot more attention. In fact, in the 45 days we were over the skies of Bosnia, this near-midair was one of the most hazardous flight events I experienced.


This may seem like just another close call, but ORM could have easily lessened the severity of the problem or broken the chain of events leading to it. In most cases, you can easily cope with the risks of day-to-day flying. The next time you brief ORM, think of "Dumb, Different, or Directed." Each of these categories won't cover all risks that you may encounter, but they can highlight potential problems.

Some ORM concerns under "Dumb" are flying in terrible weather, descending below the briefed hard deck, or continuing a flight beyond calculated bingo. These things can usually be solved quickly in the cockpit. There are also not-so-obvious, dumb risks, and these might be the most important: poor mission planning, flying with

people who have unresolved personal problems, or flying with outdated FLIP or charts. Unfortunately, these will not become apparent until too late.

"Different" covers those actions that vary from the normal activity. For example, flying into a new airfield or unfamiliar airspace. Air refueling at night is also a good example. Before our near collision with the Tornado, we should have identified the unusual procedures and briefed them. While not particularly dangerous, the items in "Different" can contribute greatly to causing a more dangerous situation.

Lastly, "Directed" activity covers those actions ordered by higher authority that may influence the aircrew's judgment. These actions are check-rides, functional check flights, cross-countries, or combat. The crew might be directly or indirectly pressured to complete the flight or check. Over Macedonia, our crew wanted to complete the air refueling, avoid a bingo divert into an unfamiliar airfield, and support the last of the night strikes. The internal drive to complete a mission, whether combat or peacetime, can cloud aircrew's judgment.

Identifying the possible hazards is a great first step, but it is just as important to identify control measures for these hazards and ways to lessen the effects. If the severity or probability is too great, complete avoidance is often the best solution. Usually, identifying the hazard and sticking to the planned mission is enough. Occasionally, you have to make slight changes in the plan. Remember, the goal of ORM is to lessen the known risks involved. It may be as simple as taking off earlier from a high-density-altitude airport when the temperatures are typically cooler. 

Capt. Levenson, homebased with Det. 1, 366 FW, is flying with VAQ-134.

**The Tornados had
tapped burner
right in front
of us, instead
of exiting down
and aft.**

Been Viola Recently



by Dan Bartlett

Incident 1: The pilot had 3,300 hours, more than 2,000 in type. He had participated in seven previous airshows and considered himself to be highly qualified for the Midwest aerofair listed in a recent message from CHINFO requesting aviation support. He talked to the airshow coordinator before departing from home field. During a stopover en route, he called again and discussed the details of his arrival and airshow practice.

The airshow coordinator told him to relay his practice request to the tower controller on arrival that afternoon. Upon arrival, the pilot asked the tower controller about the status of the airfield waiver and requested several passes with a half Cuban at either end. The tower controller advised that an airfield waiver was in effect and to proceed as requested. The problem was that this airfield waiver didn't apply to the Navy participant. The controller was not familiar with the specifics of the waiver and incorrectly applied it to all aircraft arriving for the airshow.

As a result, after the airshow, the FAA alleged the pilot intentionally violated the FARs by flying too low and too fast, and that he had been reckless and careless while flying his aircraft.

Incident 2: An article on the front page of a newspaper praised a flawless formation

flyby of two F-14s, wings swept, at treetop level, in support of a Midwest Fourth of July parade and celebration. Accompanying photographs showed the thrilling event. When queried after the show, the lead pilot was confident that waivers had been coordinated for the event. However, the Flight Standards District Office (FSDO) thought otherwise and forwarded a preliminary pilot-deviation report to the FAA regional office, which in turn forwarded a request for investigation of an alleged flight violation to the Department of the Navy. The FAA alleged that the flight of F-14s violated a handful of FARs:

91.13(a)—They had operated aircraft in a careless or reckless manner, endangering life and property.

91.117(a)—They had flown at a speed of more than 250 knots below 10,000 feet MSL.

91.119(a)—If a power plant had failed during their flight, the ensuing emergency landing would have caused undue hazard to persons or property on the surface.

91.11(b)—They were flying over a congested area of a city, town, or settlement, or over any open air assembly of persons, at an altitude of less than 1,000 feet above the highest obstacle within a horizontal radius of 2,000 feet of the aircraft.

There were no airfield waivers in effect for this event.

These are two examples of the numerous allegations of Navy or Marine Corps pilots violating any number of the FARs. Each allegation warrants an individual evaluation, but there is one area where FAR violations occur regularly and are preventable: public displays (i.e., airshows and flyovers). The FARs listed above are typically cited.

nted ?



Photo courtesy of the LaPorte Herald Argus

Just because your participation in an airshow or flyover has been approved doesn't mean you can violate the FARs. Normally, a waiver to the FARs is issued to specific aircraft at a specific airport. In the majority of alleged flight violations, an airfield waiver was in effect and our pilots assumed they were included. Prior to any aerial demonstrations being conducted, the FSDO must approve, in writing, any waivers to the applicable FARs.

By being more vigilant in this area, you'll avoid the phone call that starts, "Skipper, I'm investigating an alleged flight violation by one of your pilots."

[For more info, see CHINFO message 082200ZFEB00, Aviation Support Guidance.—Ed.]

Dan Bartlett works for the office of OPNAV/CNO N885F, ATC and Airspace.

AN "AWARD" YOU DON'T WANT— HOW THE PROCESS WORKS

Every time a Navy or Marine Corps pilot is alleged to have violated a Federal Aviation Regulation, a lengthy investigation ensues. Normally, a Flight Standards District Office (FSDO) will start an investigation based on personal observation or a complaint from Air Route Traffic Control Centers (ARTCCs), FAA Control Towers, or a concerned citizen. If FSDO completes its inquiry and considers the case to be a valid violation of the FAR, they forward it to the legal office at the FAA Region, where it becomes a formal request for investigation. The Navy and Marine cases arrive at the office of OPNAV/CNO N885F, ATC and Airspace.

The governing doctrines for investigating and reporting Department of the Navy flight violations are OPNAVINST 3710.7 and the JAG Manual. The staff at the CNO's office reviews the case for accuracy, validity and correctness, and then forwards the investigation to the senior officer having oversight of the alleged offender. That command conducts an investigation, reports findings and recommendations up the chain of command to CNO.

Every request for investigation is considered an "alleged" violation of the FAR until the investigation supports or mitigates the incident. Pilots may violate the FAR, but mitigating circumstances may exist: A pilot may be trying to avoid a midair collision, which may produce a violation of airspace. Of the 50 or so alleged flight violations we investigate each year, an average of two or three result in awarding a flight violation.

The command and the FAA are told of the final decision. Only the CNO is authorized to release a pilot's name outside the DoN. This protects our pilots from external investigations.

A flight violation can damage a flying career and is taken very seriously by the entire aviation chain of command. No two alleged violations are the same. The alleged violation of FARs at air shows and public displays are the most common and preventable.

— Dan Bartlett

FINAL continued from page 7

I'll bet all they could see were two taxi lights converging at the approach end of the runway.

Well, 204 was much faster than I was, and it didn't take much to get out of his way. Had I waved off a second sooner, bent metal would have been inevitable, and I was in no position to eject. I took it around the right side, and 204 landed safely. Tower, then called us (202, 203, and 204) and asked us to phone them when we were safe on deck.

My fun wasn't over yet. Still a little shaken from the near-miss, I was having trouble climbing with full power and good airspeed. I started wondering if I had ingested something in my engine. Just as I was checking my engine instruments I realized... speed brakes! I popped them in, took a deep breath, calmed down, and landed after Dash 2.

As I was walking to the PR shop to get out of my gear, the pilot of 204 saw me and asked with a chuckle, "What's the matter with you? You look like you've seen a ghost! By the way, do you know why the tower wants us to call?" He didn't even know what had happened. He must have

known something was wrong, but assumed it was someone else making a mistake.

Looking back on this, it's easy to pick out a few things that are easy to correct. Don't lose sight of your interval, keep tower informed of your intentions, don't land without clearance, and, of course, use the correct waveoff technique (speed brakes in).

We could have done a little more to prepare for that flight back to homefield. We had flown the route to Runway 13 as least 10 times before, but it couldn't have hurt to brief airspeeds and altitudes and any other variations (such as switching runways). No item is so simple that you can overlook it, or assume everyone knows it. Also, where was the RDO? Did he know we were inbound? Could tower have done more to help? In hindsight, I'm glad tower didn't wave me off any sooner. Above all, confidence is good, but when you get an indication that something is not right, don't assume it is someone else's problem. I don't like paying fines any more than the next guy, but what I wouldn't have given for an LSO on station that night.



Lt. Smith flies with VAW-115.

On Cat 1

Coming Attractions for January

The Longest Three Seconds

Vapes and Skidding Dogs at the Tanker

Almost a Night Swim

Frank Jakubec

BALLISTIC, IN A CLOUD!

by LCdr. Tony Ludovici

THE war hadn't begun yet. Our mission during a CV ops exercise off the coast of Puerto Rico was a night, peacetime escort on goggles. The weather wasn't cooperating. The Caribbean sky was littered with cumulus buildups and embedded thunderstorms.

Our section of F-14s took a vector, escorted our orange-air brethren away from Mother, and was ordered to drop our contact and return to CAP. From combat-spread formation, we started an in-place turn, and shortly thereafter, our flight lead disappeared. We had entered a cloud. In accordance with our SOP for NVGs, we immediately came off the goggles and began an easy climb in order to deconflict altitudes. Then the fun began.

Immediately after stowing our goggles, a blinding bright light flashed in front of my windscreen. At almost the same time, I heard static in my headset and felt a shock on my lips from my oxygen mask. The nose of our aircraft had been struck by lightning. Temporarily blinded by the white light, I instinctively pulled back slightly on the stick and tried to regain my wits.

When my vision cleared several seconds later and I could discern my instruments, I discovered that we were now 80 degrees nose up, at 26,000 feet, with airspeed rapidly approaching zero—we had gone ballistic and were no longer flying. Oh, yeah, we were still in a thick thundercloud with periodic flashes of lightning surrounding us.

My RIO began calmly reciting the first steps of F-14 departure procedures over the ICS. Since we were zero airspeed, all I could do was release

the controls, lock my harness, and reduce the throttles to idle. We were along for the ride at this point.

The aircraft rolled off to the left prior to slicing nose low to 90 degrees down. Once the airspeed began to build over 100 knots, I rolled to the nearest horizon and executed a 17-unit AOA pull, in accordance with recovery procedures. We leveled off by 19,000 feet, called out our altitude to our lead for collision avoidance, and regained VMC shortly thereafter.

My RIO and I agreed we'd seen enough for the night and took an early steer for marshal, this being the first night either of us could recall actually looking forward to the night trap.

Following our uneventful landing, maintenance found negligible damage to the aircraft. Over midrats, we agreed on two things. First, avoiding IMC would have precluded these events. Second, strict adherence to procedures, training in unusual attitudes and OOCF, and effective crew coordination minimized the time it took for us to recover and helped prevent a mishap.

LCdr. Ludovici is VF-11's ASO.



BRAVO Zulu



GySgt. Anthony Wisnewski
Sgt. David Sweeney



While deployed to NAF El Centro, Calif., crew members of VMU-2 prepared to commence outbound procedures from the NAF on a night drug-enforcement mission in support of JTF-6. Shortly after takeoff and a low approach in the local pattern to verify system checks, the RQ-2A Pioneer UAV departed on an easterly heading while commencing a climb from 450 feet to 5,500 feet. Control of the UAV shifted from the external pilot (EP), who is positioned alongside the duty runway and controls the UAV in the local pattern, to the internal pilot (IP). The IP is inside the ground-control station, which is approximately 100 feet away. He controls the UAV when down range.

As GySgt. Wisnewski (IP) commenced the climb just outside the airfield boundary, Sgt. Sweeney (EP) noticed the aircraft in a descent, and notified the IP over the ICS. GySgt.

Wisnewski cross-checked his instruments, and as the caution panel began to light up with fail indications, the IP noticed the engine RPM at zero. With Sgt. Sweeney still having visual contact with the UAV, GySgt. Wisnewski passed the controls back to the EP and both crew members began to execute emergency procedures for an engine failure.

Using the onboard payload camera, GySgt. Wisnewski directed Sgt. Sweeney to turn the UAV toward a field at an abandoned farm. The IP continued to call out airspeed, altitude, and aircraft attitude to the EP, ensuring a controlled descent. Because of the crew's quick reaction and outstanding crew-coordination procedures, they successfully made an emergency landing without any damage or injury to local residents, and prevented any serious damage to aircraft components.

Mishap-Free Milestones

Squadron	Mishap-Free Flight Hours
HC-4	10,580
HC-6	25,000
HC-8	10,000
HMH-462	39,000
HMLA-267	6,000
HMLA-269	25,000
HJL-45	75,000
HJL-47	12,000
VAQ-128	4,560
VAQ-130	33,000
VAQ-137	6,430
VAQ-140	16,000
VFA-27	57,000
VFA-125	150,000
VFA-192	73,000
VAW-113	64,000
VAW-115	32,000
VAW-125	63,500
VP-16	234,000
VR-46	70,000

BZs require an endorsement from the nominating squadron's CO and the appropriate CAG, wing commander or MAG commander.

In the case of helo dets, the CO of the ship will suffice. A squadron zipper and a 5-by-7 inch photo of the entire crew should accompany the BZ nomination.

We can use digital photos, but we will need a large file: at least 5-by-7 inches at 300 dpi. If you save them in JPG format, this will reduce the file size and make it easier to e-mail. If your digital camera won't support this requirement, you'll need to shoot regular film. Don't try to include the people and the whole aircraft. Shoot a close-up of the subjects, and send a separate image of your squadron aircraft if you like. Please include a squadron telephone number so we can call with questions.

While flying as a command-and-control platform in support of exercise Eager Mace in Kuwait, the aircrew of Rocky 30, a UH-1N, experienced a failure of the No. 1 hydraulic system.

Shortly after the helo took off from a dusty landing zone, the master caution light illuminated, and the caution panel indicated a loss of No. 1 hydraulic pressure. This failure restricted the movement of the anti-torque pedals and produced a loss of the aircraft-stability system. Capt. Hermes, the

non-flying pilot, and Sgt. Jurjevich, the crew chief, immediately began troubleshooting the failed systems and were able to partly restore the aircraft-stability system.

Maintaining a controllable airspeed and safe altitude, Capt. Paull declared an emergency and began the 30-mile flight to the nearest airfield, Ali Al Salem. En route, Sgt. Jurjevich and GySgt. Van Vleet, the aerial observer, prepared the cabin and four passengers for a possible hard landing. Unable to adjust the anti-torque pedals, Capt. Paull

did the emergency procedures for stuck pedals and set the aircraft up for a shallow, straight-in approach to the active runway. He made a practice approach to the runway to determine the aircraft's flight characteristics. On the second pass, Capt. Paull executed a perfect sliding landing.

Rocky 30 came to rest after sliding more than 100 feet, with no damage to the aircraft or injury to passengers or aircrew.



My First HAC Flight

by Lt. Sandy Aguirre

I was on a detachment to the Atlantic Undersea Test and Evaluation Center (AUTEC), which is located in the Bahamas. East Coast ASW crews often go there for their torpedo weapon-drop qualifications. This was my first flight as a helicopter aircraft commander (HAC); my copilot was a nugget pilot qualified in model (PQM) and had just finished the fleet replacement squadron (FRS).

I didn't anticipate any problems, because I'd been preparing for this flight for years. I'd never even experienced an emergency. Perhaps you've guessed I was about to do just that.

The flight schedule at AUTEC is very fluid. Normally there are several aircraft from different squadrons, each with their own aircrews who need to complete quals. Some aircrews finish early,

some late. The weather, mission-system problems and target run times all factor into when you will launch and get your chance on the range.

Foreclosure Uniform, the range controller, called and said that the crew in front of us was ahead of schedule, so we should get going. We loaded the helo with less JP-5 than usual; we were the first of two crews who had to use the helo, so we had to load both REXTORPS and our share of buoys. I decided to let the PQM get some tactical experience, so he sat in the airborne tactical officer (ATO) seat, and I sat on the pilot side to ensure that we didn't go swimming.

When we got on the range, we learned that the crew in front of us had been delayed, and we had to RTB to refuel. We were back on the range 45 minutes later, tracking the target. We were just about to finish a textbook example of how you are supposed to localize, track and attack a target when Foreclosure Uniform withdrew our request for weapons release. The target had exceeded its run time, and they had to drive the range boat out to reposition another target. Again we were directed to RTB and refuel.

We returned to the range a third time, as the sun started to set. The PQM thought we wouldn't have any problems finding the target, since it had been so easy the first time, but it didn't go as he expected. It took a long time, and our crew felt frustrated. When we finally got attack criteria, we pushed the WEAPON LAUNCH button. We knew not to expect an AWAY light, since it was only a REXTORP. We weren't expecting a TORP FAIL light, either, but that's what we got. We smelled gunpowder, and the aircrewman said the magnetic anomaly detector (MAD) control panel had gone dead. My first thought was that someone had rigged something wrong and that we had jettisoned the MAD. We couldn't tell what had happened at the push of the WEAPON LAUNCH button because, by this time, the sky was pitch black.

We went through the usual troubleshooting procedures with no luck. We started to RTB, climbed to 1,000 feet and slowed to 60 knots. The

aircrewman opened the cabin door and tried to shine the flashlight below the aircraft to see if the MAD bird was still with us. No such luck—the light wasn't bright enough. The only clue we had that it might still be there was that the cable was taut. We had problems establishing communications with our maintainers. We desperately needed comms to coordinate the airborne recovery of the MAD towed body, while we tried to maintain a stable, 200-foot hover at night.

We finally established good comms just prior to reaching the helo pad. To make matters worse, our helo was low on fuel. We shot an approach, arrived over the pad at 300 feet and descended vertically to approximately 200 feet. We had no horizon or any visual reference. This torpedo run had quickly developed into the most difficult situation I had ever encountered. The ground crew, using hand-held radios, was trying to direct me, but that wasn't working. I deselected from the radios and maintained the hover, based on the aircrewman's conning instructions. We finally positioned ourselves and slowly descended until one of the ground crew grabbed the MAD bird. Carrying the MAD bird, he carefully walked away as I slowly lowered the helo to the deck. Once we were on deck, the ground crew cut the MAD bird from the cable, and we brought the cable inside before we taxied. I looked at the fuel panel; we had 700 pounds left.

Postflight analysis revealed that the smell had come from a blown CAD. The WEAPON LAUNCH button had been too sensitive and had registered as two pushes, which is a command to blow the CAD. As for the MAD, the vehicle-trail switch had inadvertently returned to the stowed position, giving the MAD control panel erroneous information that the MAD was stowed. That's why we couldn't retract it.

At first, I complained about having such bad luck on my initial flight as an aircraft commander. But I soon realized it had been a great learning experience and a major confidence builder. On a dark night, operating from an unfamiliar airfield, with a MAD bird dangling 200 feet below the aircraft, we had handled the emergency.

Lt. Aguirre flies with HSL-46.

by LCdr. Gary Brose


A recent mishap in the HSL community reminded me of my own brush with disaster under nearly identical circumstances. I was an H2P conducting a post-maintenance FCF with the detachment maintenance officer. We were shore-based at NAF Atsugi and headed out over nearby Sagami-wan (a large bay just outside NAF Atsugi's airspace) to conduct the flight.

Everything went swimmingly until we got to the part of the checklist that required us to enter an auto-rotation and measure maximum rotor rpm (Nr) during the descent. We entered the auto. Nr rose but so did engine-power-turbine rpm (Np). This is a bad thing. I won't bore all you stiff-wingers with details, but in an auto-rotation, the engine turbines are supposed to decouple, and the rotor system is then driven by reverse airflow and inertia.

I started a power recovery and pointed out the problem to the aircraft commander. He suggested that we enter another auto, let Nr-Np build, and see what would happen. These were pre-ORM days, and we didn't consider or discuss the potential risk factors associated with our plan to diagnose this never-before-seen (to us at least) problem. In fact, it probably took you longer to read this paragraph than it took us to come up with our plan.

You LAMPS guys know what is coming next, don't you? I entered auto, let Nr-Np build, and watched the tapes go red across the pilot display unit (PDU). As the matched tapes rose and rapidly approached 120 percent, I chickened out and started adding power. Too late for the No. 2 engine, I might add. We flamed it out, completed the power recovery at around 1,000 feet, and collected our wits.

We then flew back to Atsugi single-engine and landed as uneventfully as is possible with one engine. We gave the bird back to the det maintenance team to figure out what had happened. Just like in the most recent mishap, someone had incorrectly installed the roll pins on the load-demand spindle (LDS). This allowed the unloaded engines to overspeed and activate the Np-overspeed-protection system, thus cutting off fuel flow from an otherwise perfectly good engine. Good news, SH-60 bubbas! The system works as advertised. Nevertheless, oops.

If I'd written this story right after it happened (more than eight years ago), would that have prevented the recent mishap? I'm not sure. I am sure that our near-mishap can be at least partly attributed to aircrew error. We were faced with an unfamiliar but not time-critical discrepancy. Had we thoroughly discussed the potential risk factors associated with our troubleshooting scheme, we would have undoubtedly identified some limit between "let it go all the way and see what we get" and the activation of the Np-overspeed-protection system that kicked in at 120 percent Np. 

LCdr. Brose is officer-in-charge of HSL-48 Detachment 8.



What's on Our Web Site?

The Naval Safety Center

Afloat

- [Diving](#)
- [Industrial Hygiene](#)
- [Submarine](#)
- [Surface](#)

Ashore

- [Explosive & Weapons](#)
- [Fire Data Analysis](#)
- [High-Risk Training](#)
- [Investigation](#)
- [Motor Vehicle](#)
- [Occ. & Env. Health](#)
- [OSH](#)
- [Recreation](#)
- [Tactical](#)

Navy and Marine Corps

ORM

Operational Risk Management

Click above to go to the main ORM page

- [End of Year FY '00 brief \(available to .mil only\)](#) **NEW**
- [Adm. Dirren's briefs](#)
- [Back to BASICS/Attention to Detail](#)
- [Contact us \(addresses, phones\)](#)

News and Hot Pages

- [September 2000 issue of Approach Magazine](#)
- [Ashore Winter 99/00 Issue- The ORM issue.](#)

Publications

- [Approach](#)
- [Mech](#)
- [Ashore](#)
- [Ground Warrior](#)
- [Fathom](#)
- [Flash](#)
- [Ships Safety Bulletin](#)
- [Diving Safety Lines](#)
- [Posters](#)

Statistics

- [Navy](#)
- [Marine](#)
- [Aviation](#)
- [Afloat](#)
- [Motor Vehicle](#)
- [Shore Fire](#)

Friday Funnies: This humorous and sobering message has long been one of our most popular products. It was an internet phenomenon before hot web sites were par for the course. For our .mil customers only.

Archives: Plunder the fabulous 50-year history of *Approach*. Here's a data base of every article we've published, including the authors. Find an article that you want, and we'll send you a copy.

Acronyms: A must for those readers who are behind the power curve on their jargon recognition.

Mishap Statistics: Fresh out of the database, just like you used to get in the old *Weekly Summary*.

Aviation Home Page: Information about how to schedule a survey, the latest downloads and references, updates from the Human Factors QMB, and tons more.

Safety Center home

Aeromedical

- [Points of contact](#)
- [Feedback](#)
- [Presentations](#)

Aircraft Mishaps

- [Investigators tips](#)
- [Points of contact](#)
- [Feedback](#)
- [OPNAV 3750 6Q](#)

Aviation Directorate



- [Adm. Dirren's briefs](#) **NEW**

Maintenance

- [Points of contact](#)
- [Engine cost data](#)
- [Feedback](#)
- [Groundcrew Coordination Training](#)
- [Maintenance malpractice presentations](#)
- [Surveys](#)
- [Top 10](#)

Operations

Aviation Data

- [Data Sheet](#)
- [Request](#)
- [Points of contact](#)
- [Hazard](#)
- [Feedback](#)

The Naval Safety Center

[Safety Center home](#)
[Publications home](#)
[Approach home](#)

Posters

[Feedback](#)

NOTE: Index files are in Word format and may be up to 120K in size.

- 1950's
- 1960's
- 1970's
- 1980's
- 1990's

Welcome to the *Approach* archives, a master index published.

The good news is that we'll be glad to send you a [feedback](#) form to send us the issue, title, and your comments.

The bad news is that we can't help you dredge up title, author and issue (sorry, but we have new material).

Happy hunting! --The Editor
[Back to Top](#)

Approach Archives Index 1955 - 2000

File Edit View Favorites Tools Help
Back Forward Stop Refresh Home Search Favorites History Mail Print Edit
Address <https://138.139.43.5/funnies.htm>



The Naval Safety Center

[Home](#)
[Read the funnies](#)

Friday Funnies Page

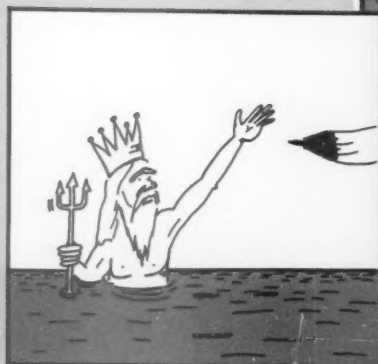
Did you hear the one about the guy who shot himself in the leg while practicing quick-draw in his bathroom? Or the guy who jumped off the third floor of a barracks onto a pile of mattresses on a dare? No? Well, then you haven't been reading the Friday Funnies (a.k.a. the Summary of Mishaps), which for several years has arguably been the Safety Center's most popular product. Those true-life tales, culled from the message traffic and recounted in a style that combines hilarity and wisdom, are finally available on this site. Sometimes corny, often controversial, a mix of the Three Stooges and the Grim Reaper - read 'em and enjoy!

Classic BROWNSHOES IN ACTION COMIX

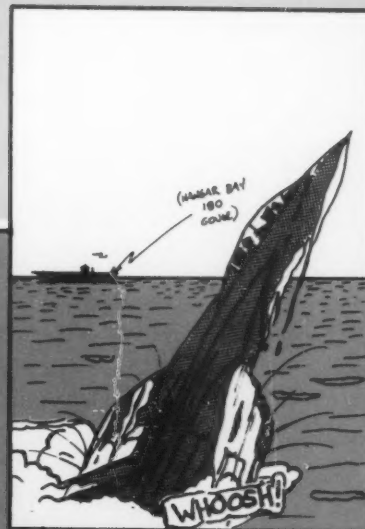
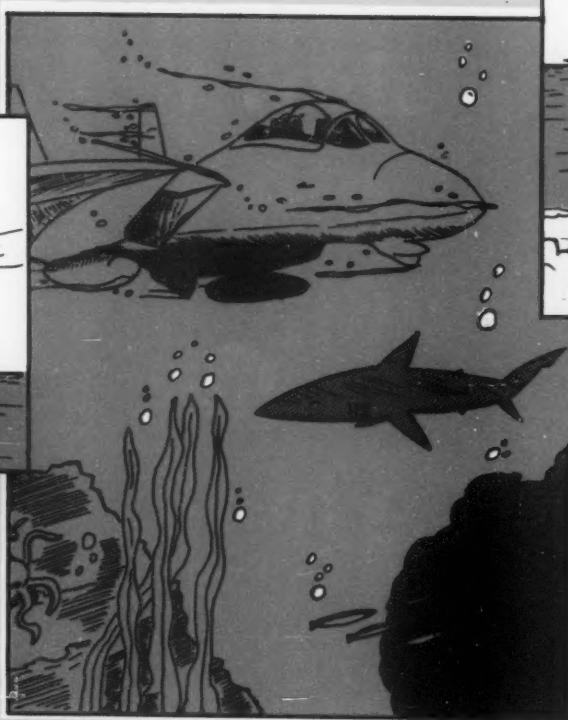
"The kind real aviators like"

By Lt. Ward Carroll

"The dream is
always the same."



"Off the cat, I see King Neptune
beckoning to me on the horizon.
I fly into his gentle grasp and
sink beneath the surface..."



"At recovery time, I break
through the surface at the 180
and fly a perfect pass to an OK-3
wire."

"Whew! Thanks for
letting me get that
out, Doc. I feel much
better."

"Oh, forget about it.
That's my job."



"I spend the entire cycle underwater,
at peace with the creatures of the deep..."

"Hello... Ops? This is fighter Doc.
I'm not going to be able to make that
hop with Dangerboy today... Right,
I'm hard down..."



